Love Among the Ruins

HS coach praises toughness, his Tiger
among interior linemen, laughs

at your 150 weight. Gives you bulk-
up “program.” Players label it *juicing.*

Sophomore, 180. Junior, you start games now at 200.
Senior, 240.

Colleges write you and you pick the largest,
where pro scouts will come shopping.

Freshman, 250,

Sophomore 280, Junior 310 as you start again.

Never under 340 in pros.

You marry 3 cheerleaders and have 5 knee operations.

Play 6 years and make 1 Pro Bowl. Must finally retire
when you can hardly walk.

Presently live in a cottage on a lake, and walk and bike moderately.

Joke in the bar at the inn about your divorces and horror of a body
you carry around, barely.

From the steroids, mostly, you shake your grizzled head.

Denise owns the inn and one thing leads, etc. You marry and help
her run it.

She also has a track record of marriages. You call the coupling, *Love*
Among the Ruins.